

# Truth or Dare Kills

by Yay for Yaoi

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Summary: Hamtaro and Oxnard tell the guys about Truth or Dare. When Stan is dared to do something stupid, he storms out. Maxwell, feeling concern for his friend, runs out and walks him home. When he notices Stan doesn't look good, Stan passes out.

## 1. New games are Dangerous

A/N: I usually write mature adult stories, but this one is only gonna contain fluff, rated older teen maybe. I'm writing a Hamtaro story, because it reminds me about when I was younger. If you're a Sandy/Maxwell fan, don't read. Sandy is with an OC named Marco. Also, if you dislike Yaoi, don't read this. Alter Ego: Crushes the little hamsters. Ky: Samara... Oh! BTW! All the hams are Human/hamster people, size of Kanna and Laura. Hope you enjoy!

**\*\*I DON'T OWN ANY OF THE HAMTARO CHARAS. JUST MY OWN CHARAS AND IDEAS!\*\***

Stan, Sandy's older brother, walked down the street in the middle of the night. Stan loved going around town at night, it was always so calm. Tonight was different though.

Stan was heading to The Club house to have a private meeting with the other guy hams. 'I wonder what this is about.' Stan thought before walking through the door. Around the table sat Boss, Hamtaro, Oxnard, Howdy, Dexter, Panda, and Maxwell.

"Yo Hamha Hamster dudes! What's going on?" Stan shook his maracas slightly before taking the only seat left, next to Maxwell. "So what's the meeting about?" Stan said, yawning like the tired ham he was.

"Well, like I was saying earlier, Laura and Kana were playing this game called... Truth or Dare?" Oxnard said before nibbling on his sunflower seed.

"Yea! And they kept telling each other to do something weird or embarrassing if they said Dare and if they said Truth, they would have to say if something was true or not about themselves! It looked like alot of fun because they were giggling!" Hamtaro exclaimed.

"It's a common game among human females, often used at slumber parties; where a multiple number of girls stay over at another girl's house. Guys play it too, and you're only suppose to play with the same gender." Maxwell tuned in, looking around at everyone.

Stan blinked and looked down at the book open in Maxwell's hands. "So that's why were here? To talk about a game?"

"No! We're here to play the game, we're playing it now because it's mostly played at night." Boss said, crossing his arms.

"It says here when it's more then three people are playing, we're suppose to spin a bottle." Maxwell said, glancing at Stan suspiciously.

"Well howdy! Yer all lucky I came then! I just happened to bring a bottle with me!" Howdy said, pulling out an empty bottle.

"Oh joy, where would we be without you Howdy?" Dexter said sarcastically, rolling his eyes.

Boss took the bottle from Howdy. "I'll start!"

Maxwell looked down at his book. "The person spinning the bottle is the one to ask 'Truth, Dare, Double Dare, Promise not to repeat.' To the person the bottle points at. If they pick dare, they do whatever you tell them to, if they pick truth, then you ask them a personal question that they're suppose to answer truthfully." Maxwell finished saying, snapping his book shut and placing it in front of him. "The person the bottle lands on, after their turn, gets to spin the bottle. Rules understood?"

Everyone nods and the game begins.

Boss spins the bottle and it lands on...Panda!

"Ok Panda, Truth Dare Double Dare promise not to repeat."

Panda thought for a moment. "Umm...Truth."

"Alright, Where'd you learn to build such great things?" Boss asked.

"I'm self taught." Panda answered honestly before taking the bottle.

Panda spins it and it lands on...Dexter!

"Alright, Truth Dare Double Dare promise not to repeat." Panda said, chewing on a ranch flavored sun flower seed.

"Truth." Dexter said automatically.

"Do you really need to wear the glasses?" Panda asked blinking.

"Of course I do! But I do look pretty snazzy in them don't I?" Dexter said smiling.

"I think you mean snappy..." Howdy said while watching Dexter.

"Oh hush Howdy." Dexter snapped before spinning the bottle.

It seemed the bottle would never stop until it landed on Howdy.

"Heh, Truth Dare Double Dare promise not to repeat, Howdy." Dexter said, adjusting his glasses.

"Well that's easy, truth." Howdy said while leaning back.

"Alright, do you wear that apron because you think it's cool, or are you just gay?" Dexter said grinning widely.

Howdy began to yell at Dexter and everyone began to laugh, then the game continued.

At first, the game had been innocent since they were all first timers, but now the game was becoming more wild and perverted.

Stan was asleep, leaning against Maxwell while he slept, until Maxwell woke him up.

"Huh? What? I'm up." Stan said sleepily while sitting upright in his seat.

"It's finally your turn!" Hamtaro exclaimed, obviously hyped up in all the excitement.

"Oh, alright...who got me?" Stan asked before realizing Howdy was grinning evilly at him.

"Alright Fellar, Truth Dare Double Dare promise not to repeat." Howdy said, obviously looking around the room for dares.

"Truuuuu...dare." It was true, Stan was gonna say truth, but decided dare to see what Howdy could come up with.

Seemed Howdy had the perfect one already thought up. "I dare you to act like Sandy, and kiss Maxwell."

Both Maxwell and Stan tensed while blushing.

"Ya gotta be kidding me ham-dude!" Stan yelled, slamming his fist on the table.

"C'mon Stan, don't be a poor sport! You chose dare! You gotta do it!" Boss said, crossing his arms.

"I didn't even wanna play this dumb game! It would've been better with the cuties!" With that, Stan turned and left the club house with a loud slam of the door.

All the hams stared at the door for a moment, then began to play again.

Maxwell blinked at them and picked up his book and the maraca Stan had dropped while sleeping and rushed out the door.

"Stan! Are you ok?" Maxwell shouted, running up to the other ham who looked pretty tired.

Stan turned to see Maxwell and yawned. "Yea, sorry about that." He mumbles slightly before taking the maraca. "I only exploded like that so I could get out of there."

Maxwell nodded. "Well, let me walk you home, you seem pretty tired."

Stan shrugged. "Nah, if you want to go back to the game you can." He mumbled before turning and walking again.

"No, it's ok, I was heading home too." Maxwell stated before walking at Stan's side.

They were quiet most of the way until Maxwell noticed something was wrong with Stan. Stan's face was turning red and there were dark circles under his eyes. Not to mention how pale his skin was.

Maxwell stopped him. "Stan, are you alright?" Stan was about to say something, before he swayed slightly. "So...dizzy." He stated before passing out, Maxwell dropping the book to catch him. "What? Stan! Someone! Help! Call an ambulance!"

A/N: That's the end of chapter one. Hope you enjoyed it...and also...I like cookies with chocolate milk. Alter Ego: Ky, have you been eating sugar? Ky: No! Runs from Samara with her cookies. TUNE IN FOR CHAPTER TWO!

## 2. The Search for a Disease

A/N: Hey guys, it's Ky again. I'm working on two stories at the same time so bare with me here. I got to type the third chapter to my other story now, and I'm already tired. But I will carry on! Alter Ego: SHe's gonna crash and burn. Ky: >>; Oh ye of little faith. Anyway... \*\*I do not own any Hamtaro characters. Simply my own ideas and characters. Thank you for reading\*\*.

"It's been twelve hours. This isn't good." Sandy said to Marcia, one of the newest hams to the group.

"Don't worry, I'm sure it's gonna be ok. The doctor said Stan's sudden illness was caused by stress that's all!"

It was a grim day for all the hams as they gathered in the waiting room. The guy hams had come straight from their game when they got the call from Maxwell, and the girl hams were still in their pj's.

Most of the hams were asleep except for Marco, Sandy, Marcia, and Maxwell. Marco sat next to Sandy as did Marcia and Maxwell was standing next to the double doors they had taken Stan through earlier.

Maxwell smiled at Marco and Sandy. Although Maxwell once loved Sandy, he could tell Sandy loved Marco alot, and Marco loved Sandy. When Marco and Marcia joined, it was love at first sight on Marco and Sandy's part.

"I need to talk to the family of this young man." The doctor said, looking around the room of odd people.

"Like, Here!" Sandy said, jumping up and running to the doctor.

"Sir, I'm the one who brought him here, can I hear what's going on as well?" Maxwell said, not wanting Sandy to be alone when she heard what was wrong.

The doctor took the two young hams through the double doors and to a room far down the hall.

"This is Stan's room, he's inside sleeping so try to be quiet." The doctor said before opening the door.

As they entered the room, Stan was sleeping with his back to the trio, many wires leading from machines into his arms, and an oxygen mask over his mouth and nose.

Sandy gasped as Maxwell's eyes widened.

"Like, What's wrong with my brother!" Sandy exclaimed, tugging at the doctor's sleeve.

"We...don't know." The doctor mumbled while watching the young man sleep.

"What do you mean doctor?" Maxwell asked while walking over to the side Stan was facing and looking over him slightly.

"He has a strange new type of disease, it's close to a disease caused by stress, lack of sleep, and eating disorders. But it's different with him. He's also lost his voice, having trouble breathing, and his heart is beating at an excessive rate." The doctor stated while watching Maxwell.

'Hm, that sounds familiar.' Maxwell thought before looking from Stan's face to the doctors.

"You're allowed to visit him when you like, as long as a family member says so." The doctor stated while looking at Sandy, who was still holding his sleeve.

Sandy looked to Maxwell, who seemed to give her look that he'd help Stan as best as he could. "Like, alright. Maxwell can see him when he wants. But just Maxwell." She said while looking to the doctor.

The doctor nodded and seemed to write it down to Stan's magical appearing file.

Maxwell smiled. "Thanks Sandy, I swear I'll find what's wrong with Stan."

Sandy blushed and nodded before turning and leaving.

As Maxwell was left alone in the room with the sleeping Stan, he went to the phone and called the book store he lived at. "Hey Dillion? Yea, this is Maxwell. Could you do me a favor? Could you send over one copy of each diseases books?"

Maxwell sat in the dark room with a single light above where he was working. He'd just finished looking through the seventh disease book, and he'd started reading them as soon as he got them, which was five hours ago.

He yawned silently and mumbled. "Seven down, eight hundred and fifty three to go."

Suddenly something moved in the corner of Maxwell's eyes and he saw Stan sitting up, looking around. For a moment, Maxwell wondered if Stan was sleep walking, before Stan looked at him and blinked lazily.

"Good morning...or evening. How are you feeling Stan?" Stan sat there blinking before he tried to climb out of bed, only then realizing the excruciating pain in his arms and how labored he was at breathing.

Maxwell instantly moved to his side. He was told by the doctor to look after Stan, and if he needed something to help him the best he could. "Is there something you need?"

Stan blinked before looking to his arms, realizing the wires, then followed them to their machinery. Stan opened his mouth to say something but nothing came out. He tried again, still nothing.

Maxwell shook his head. "Stan, you're having health problems, and right now you're in the hospital the wires are to monitor your health, so don't try to pull them out."

Stan blinked to Maxwell then laid back with an annoyed look on his face.

Maxwell simply smiled. "Are you hungry?"

Stan shook his head slightly and Maxwell glared. "The doctor said part of your disease is an eating disorder. So I'm going to get you some food, you just have to promise to eat it."

Stan blinked at how serious Maxwell was and nodded.

Almost as if on que, the nurse walked in. "Do you two need anything?" She asked, noticing Stan was awake.

"Stan would like some dinner if you don't mind." Maxwell said before going back to his piles of books.

The nurse nodded. "What about you Maxwell? Are you hungry?"

Maxwell shook his head as he began reading the next book. He wanted to get back to work to see if he could find this disease.

The nurse nodded and walked out as Stan watched Maxwell. He didn't

get Maxwell really. How could he just sit there and read books? How come Maxwell was so smart? Why did Maxwell even care?

Soon the food was brought in and Stan looked at it in disgust. When it he didn't start eating, Maxwell looked up at him.

Stan had made a promise so he began to eat it, very slowly, and soon it was done. As Stan finished he looked up at Maxwell and noticed that he had fallen asleep, laying on the floor with the book next to his face.

Stan blinked and realized Maxwell hadn't slept for two days, and he felt bad for it since it was his fault.

Stan looked to the buttons on his bed, and sure enough there was a 'Call Nurse.' button. He pressed it, and sure enough, a nurse soon came in.

"Yes?" She said sweetly to Stan. Stan looked at her for a moment before pointing to the sleeping Maxwell.

The nurse blinked then walked over to Maxwell, grabbing his book and setting a book mark in before grabbing an extra pillow and blanket for him.

"There we go. We'd let him sleep in the other bed, but we might need it for other patients. Maybe I can find an extra mattress." She rambled on before leaving the room.

Stan let out a breath and laid back as he watched Maxwell sleep. As he did, he realized something, that he really didn't know Maxwell all that well. Sure, he had dated Sandy for awhile, but Stan never took the time to get to know the other.

'I'm sure I'll learn a few things while I'm here.' Stan thought before slipping into sleep once more.

A/N: How sweet! But...why does Maxwell care? Alter Ego: Yer suppose to know! You're the author! Ky: Oh yea! ;; Thanks for reading, please review.

### 3. A Debt Owed

A/N: This is the last chapter to this story, because it didn't go the direction I wanted it to. Don't worry! There will be a sequel! So please don't flame me. I will definitely write a Sequel. In fact, I'll write two Sequels! Please review anyway. And I'm sorry if it sucks. Alter Ego: Yea, she was having a hard time on this one. FLAME HER! FLAME HER!

**\*\*A do not own Hamtaro! Just my own thoughts and Characters!\*\***

Stan woke up and looked around. It was already late in the afternoon, and he was still in the hospital. There were improvements though, the oxygen mask had been removed, and his throat wasn't as dry as it was the night before.

He looked around the room and realized a few things missing. All the books Maxwell had, the bed Maxwell had fallen asleep on, and Maxwell.

"Damn, he's gone." Stan mumbled hoarsely.

"He just went home to return all the books and get some clothes." A nurse who had walked in with lunch said, smiling. "You really shouldn't use your voice right now. It's only had a week to heal."

Stan blinked. "A week?" He thought he'd only been in this place for two days.

"Yes, a week. That's how long you've been asleep. Maxwell was able to find out what you have, which is Desterox by the way. A common disease for the over stressed." She stated, placing his food on a table and rolling it so he didn't have to get out of bed.

"We've been able to stop your breathing problem, and your voice box is operating well. But still, you should rest more. Your heart rate is still too high, and you're in for major risk." She smiled slightly while waving over to a table full of get well gifts.

"All your friends are worried about you, especially Sandy and Maxwell."

Stan looked to the gifts then down at his food. Why was Stan starving himself? Everyone of his friends obviously wanted him to get better, but food looked so rotten to him.

"Could I get a salad?" He mumbled. The nurse nodded and left him alone.

Stan sniffed at the milk and decided it was about time he tried this milk. He took a drink and blinked. It was good, and it had flavor to it unlike water.

So he decided he liked the taste and asked for more when the nurse came. The hams came into visit him, all of them, except for Howdy and Dexter since the doctor knew they would cause Stan some major stress

Stan talked to Marcia the most, her and Pashmina being the only single hams left; of course Penelope was single, but she was too young for him.

All too soon it was dark and everyone had to leave, and Maxwell still hadn't come. Stan began to worry. What if something had happened to Maxwell? Why did he care? 'Because Maxwell saved your life, that's why!' Stan's gut began to churn, maybe that wasn't the only reason?

"Hey! I heard you were up and talking!" Maxwell exclaimed as he walked in.

"What took ya forever?" Stan said, surprised by Maxwell's sudden appearance.

Maxwell blinked then smiled. "Oh, well Dillon was shorthanded at the store when I came. So decided to stay awhile and help." He said while taking off his coat and sitting in a chair next to Stan's bed.

Stan shrugged and leaned back, clearing his throat. "So Maxwell, you



know I really don't know you all that well right?"

Maxwell thought about it then nodded. "I guess you could say that. We're more acquaintances than we are friends." Maxwell stated while pouring himself some water.

Stan closed his eyes. "And yet, you saved me anyway?"

Maxwell blinked and nodded. "Well I wasn't just going to stand there while you died."

Stan nodded and sat up. "That's all I needed to know."

Maxwell blinked at the sudden end of the conversation.

Stan looked at him and smirked. "What do you think of Marcia? Everyone's hoping you'll get with her."

It was winter now, close to Christmas, and Maxwell walked Stan home from The Club house. It'd been around a month since Stan had been in the hospital, everything seemed to return to normal.

Sandy still liked Marco, none of the hams played Truth or Dare again, Dexter and Howdy were fighting like always, and Stan was back to his flirtacious, dancing self.

Maxwell was glad everything worked out, but inside he was still sulking about the loss of Sandy, the girl he really only liked.

Wham! A snowball flew and hit the side of Maxwell's head and sent him stumbling sideways.

"C'mon Ham Dude! Where's yer holiday spirit!" Stan shouted, already having another snow ball in hand and tossing it up and down.

Maxwell growled then smirked, grabbing a bunch of snow and packing it into a snowball.

Stan and Maxwell ran down the street, throwing snowballs at each other until they were both out of air.

"Hey...Maxwell." Stan said between breaths.

"Yea?" Maxwell answered breathlessly.

"I want...you to know... I'm in debt...to you...until I save...your life." Stan said, now catching his breath.

Maxwell shook his head. "You really don't-"

"I am, and that's final." Stan said before picking up more snow and smirking. "And now, you face your fate at the hands of Stan the Man."

The End

A/N: Stay tuned for the sequel 'A Day in the Life of a Bookworm' This story will most likely be Maxwell's p.o.v. And this one's gonna be depressing. But don't worry. Things will get better for him. . Alter

Ego: Meaning he's gonna become pervy. Ky: Glare. Please Review.

End  
file.